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The contest for \$100, \$60 and \$40, three cash prizes offered new and old subscribers for the best three solutions of the mystery of "The Dent in the Panel," begins this week. Young and old can test their powers of invention and ingenuity in anticipating the solution of the closing chapter. If you are not a subscriber, it will pay you to subscribe now. If you are a subscriber, you will have to renew now, as every subscriber in arrears is prevented, by the terms of the competition, from entering the contest.

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To Postmasters
AND
AGENTS.

All subscriptions in arrears have been discontinued, and if any of your subscribers do not receive a copy of this issue it is because the subscriber has not renewed. Will postmasters and agents kindly secure renewals and new subscribers to compete for the prizes offered readers of "The Dent in the Panel?" Subscribe now and read each instalment carefully.

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THE PRIZE STORY OPEN
TO EVERY ONE.

"The Dent in the Panel," with its three great prizes to those who tell who committed the robbery, has just begun. It is advisable to subscribe with the first instalment, but back numbers will be supplied to new subscribers until the next to the last instalment is reached. Subscribe now, and read each instalment carefully.

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FULL REPORTS OF CONGRESS

have just begun, and will form a complete history of congressional action that will be valuable for preservation. The session will have a strongly political character, in measures and discussions, and both Republicans and Democrats will find The Weekly Globe's congressional record necessary to keep them posted on what is said and done.

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Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25, 1899.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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The Weekly Globe—By mail, \$1.00 per year. Postage prepaid.

The Globe Newspaper Co., Boston
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True worth is in being, not seeming.
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do—by and by.

—Alice Cary.

CRITICAL COLOR-BLINDNESS.

Now that ROBERT BROWNING is dead the discussion of his merits is a poet who began to grow. Most people discover the evidence of transcendent genius in his work, and many can find no intelligible meaning. But the "fit audience though few" that MILTON prayed for was given to BROWNING in his lifetime, and this audience will constantly increase as the years go by.

In judging the merits of a great poet the minority estimate is all right. The judgment of a man who sees beauty in poems is not to be offset by the judgment of a man who cannot see them, any more than the judgment of a man who is color blind that overthrows the judgment of a man whose eyes are perfect. Every man is probably afflicted with a sort of color blindness, and some which incapacitates him from seeing the beauty of certain colors and poets.

EMERSON could discover no genius in SHILLERY and could see little merit in POPE. BYRON could discover no evidence of any quality but stupidity in the poetry of WORDSWORTH, and WORDSWORTH could discover but little indication of genius in any poetry but his own. Even such men as BYRON, EMERSON and WORDSWORTH had their poetical color blindness, so it is not to be wondered at that the rest of the world is afflicted with impaired poetical vision. But the judgment of a man who sees a thing is always better than the judgment of a man who admits that he cannot see it. So the minority judgment that has been passed upon BROWNING is rather than the majority estimate, is sure to be sanctioned by the final decision of time.

Some years ago, within the memory of

men not very old, EMERSON'S poetry was provocative of inextinguishable laughter. The funny men, but amid the storm of ridicule he was cheered by an occasional snub of recognition and appreciation. Now the judgment of the positive few has completely overtopped the estimate of the negative many. Men whose are better capable of a decision than men who are blind.

Only a comparatively few men discover evidence of anything but an erratic and irresponsible intellect in WHITMAN. Yet the high estimate of his genius held by EMERSON, TENNYSON and ARNOLD more than balances the blind and unappreciative judgment of the multitude.

S. W. Foss.

THE "RUSSIAN GRIP" SCARECROW.

Dr. CYRUS EDSON, of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases in New York, is inclined to regard the idea of influenza being epidemic as a joke. Dr. Wilson and some other experts are of the same opinion, and we have seen no consensus of eminent medical authorities who are willing to stand responsible for the opinion that "la grippe" is an atmospheric contagion moving around the globe like the Asiatic cholera.

We must not forget that during an accreted winter month we have been subjected for the most part to mild spring weather. The evaporation of the late snow filled the air with impurities, and the depressing mildness and moisture made us all especially susceptible to what ordinarily passes as a "cold."

In the midst of this tedious ordeal it needed but a spark to inflame the imagination of every person "under the weather" and cause him to conclude that the Russian grip was upon him. We do not say that this whole scare is in the nature of a hoax and delusion. We only know that climatic conditions more favorable to encourage an inflated imagination could hardly have been possible.

As this affliction is at its worst rarely fatal, it is well to work the mild cure idea for all it is worth without neglecting proper remedies when it is certain that something serious is the matter.

Let us give health, rather than disease, the benefit of the doubt and back Yankee grit against Russian grip every time.

WHY NOT A TARIFF AGAINST BRITISH CAPITAL?

It is a familiar saying that there is no money like the money of debt. "We are indebted to a foreign country to the extent that the capital of its citizens is invested here. To that extent that country controls us."

It is estimated that there have been \$750,000,000 of British capital invested in the United States during the present year. This is upwards of \$75,000,000 more than was invested in 1888. The increase of British investments in this country is something astonishing, though almost nothing to what it promises to be. We are now paying England some \$60,000,000 a year in interest and dividends.

As labor creates all things, it follows that American labor has to pay England \$60,000,000 a year out of its products. The Irish laborer, then, who thinks he gets out of the clutches of England by coming to America, may well consider these facts. Whether the laborer pays \$60,000,000 to England in America as interest, or \$60,000,000 in Ireland as rent, does not alter the fact that he is still paying tribute to England.

Now Senator HOAR, looking up from his musty manuscript during the BRACKET campaign, exclaimed with great emphasis: "We want a protection that will protect both American labor and American capital!" Assuming that capital is as legitimate as labor, it has just as good a right to be protected against foreign capital as labor has a right to be protected against foreign labor.

All right, Mr. HOAR. Then you ought to lose no time in placing a heavy duty upon British capital which comes into this country for investment. It is now \$750,000,000 for this year, and costs us \$60,000,000 annually. The increase of capital seeking investment here has doubled since 1887, and promises to double in a single year, in 1890. It is high time, then, for the protectors of "both labor and capital" to get down to their work.

Not only does every dollar of British capital invested here crowd out American capital from investment, but a large part of our laborers have to toil and pay what is practically rent to help enrich a nation that has been oppressing them for seven centuries, and from whose exactions they supposed they were relieved.

Mr. HOAR stumbled into a little sense in calling for a protection that would protect both labor and capital, but we have no idea that he meant a word of it. As we have shown, protection for labor in this case would be the protection for labor, which now pays \$60,000,000 yearly to England in interest and dividends. If Mr. HOAR and his party are sincere why don't they do something to protect American capital?

J. N. SKELTON.

PHELPS ON LITERATURE.

Hon. E. P. PHELPS, in the last number of Scribner's, dilates upon the somewhat hackneyed theme of the multiplicity of newspapers, periodicals and publications. He believes that of this great literary output is trash, useless lumber, a mere deluge of words. He believes that the present age produces nothing worthy to be compared with its predecessors, and sees no merit, or if he does, he does not announce it, in any contemporary writers.

This kind of talk has been familiar to the ears of every generation from time immemorial. From the time when ROBERT GREENE called SHAKESPEARE "an upstart crow," and SAMUEL JOHNSON paid JOHN MILTON \$25 for the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" up to the present day there has been a class of people who could see nothing good in contemporary literature. They are like travellers walking backward through a pleasant landscape. Their face is so stubbornly turned toward the past that they see no beauties but those that are behind them.

It is very fashionable to talk about the decadence of American literature. But the same kind of talk was just as prevalent when BYRON, LOWELL, LONGFELLOW, LORRELL and HOLMES were in the flush of their greatest literary successes. There are many men now living, who by no means patriarchy in years, who can remember when EMERSON was a popular but of ridicule, when HAWTHORNE, as he himself states, was the most unpopular author in America, when WHITMAN was hated and reviled, and his poetry belittled and jeered at, and when WHITMAN was greeted with a universal outpour of hilarious merriment. The world always claims its right to laugh at men previous to apotheosizing them.

The fact that a greater amount of literary literature is distributed among the people in the present than in previous ages is easily explained. People have learned to read, and that is something that neither WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE's father nor his daughters could do. Even as late as the last century

it was no bar to social preferment to a lady if she was obliged to spell out the long words in her sentences letter by letter. The spelling of the Revolutionaries was a perpetual rebellion against the dictionary. Even MARTIN WASHINGTON was not fettered by a rigid conformity to the spelling book.

The reason that people read more today than in previous generations is because they know how to read better. The schoolmaster has found a greater number of disciples.

SLAVERY STILL FLOURISHING.

The disappearance of JEFFERSON DAVIS from the stage of human affairs has probably left in many minds the happy impression that chattel slavery is a thing of the past.

Americans little realize to what extent slavery still flourishes in the East. It is estimated that 500,000 men, women and children are kidnapped annually from Central Africa to supply the regular slave market. Of the 500,000 thus annually procured, 50 per cent die on the march to the sea. So cheap is human life that as soon as a slave on the march shows signs of weakness he is killed, to save food and water. "Raw slaves" are worth about \$2 a head, or much less than any known breed of cattle.

There is now going on in Europe a great popular agitation looking to the forcible suppression of this traffic by the combined European powers. Were it not for the jealousy of the rival countries regarding all matters pertaining to Africa, the desired end might be accomplished. But each power is hoping to plant a great empire on the once "dark continent," and dares not encourage the others to take any further interest in that territory. Neither power is able to suppress the slave trade alone, and jealousy prevents them from combining.

EDGAR YATES.

RENEW BEFORE TOO LATE.

You have received THE WEEKLY GLOBE regularly the past year, and every member of your family has anxiously awaited its coming. It has paid you a larger per cent on the money than any investment you have made during the year.

Of course you will renew. We take that for granted. But why not renew immediately, and form a club to share with others the entertainment that THE WEEKLY GLOBE will give in 1899?

Every one who renews, or subscribes for the first time, during next month, January, will be entitled to compete for the prizes given for the best answers, in letters to THE GLOBE, as to who committed the robbery described in the serial now just begun, "The Dent in the Panel." This is a great chance to make money. \$100 for the best solution; \$50 for the next best solution. \$40 for the next best solution.

Why not try yourself? Why not ask your friends to try with you? It costs but a trifle to try, and \$1 may bring you the rich reward of \$100, \$60, or \$40. Send for sample copies and form a club.

THE EIGHT HOURS MOVEMENT.

Why cannot some of our neighbors be candid on the eight-hour question? The real issue is that production ought to be regular, and not spasmodic, which causes frequent periods of enforced idleness.

The workmen of this country do not now average eight hours a day throughout the year. But witness the spectacle in Pennsylvania just now. The men who were working night and day last summer to pile up mountains of coal are now turned out and left without work in midwinter because of the surplus of coal on hand.

There is neither sense nor humanity in it. It is merely the caprice of that monstrous monopoly, the Reading Coal and Iron Company. The real object of the movement for legalized eight hours is to make production as regular as possible. With that once secured, eight hours, and probably less, will be a matter of course.

THE NEW TOWER OF BABEL.

There are many people who think that there is but one way to do away with an injustice, and that is to make a law against it. They believe a law can do anything. Such men build a dam against a muddy stream that they may walk dryshod in the valley below. As the water rises behind the dam they build it higher. As it leaks they patch it here and there and brace it there. As the spreading water begins to run out at the side they widen the dam. But while they are looking for more planks the dam gives way all at once and sweeps everything before it.

This bracing and patching of dams, this swathing and bandaging of ulcers, this making and repairing of laws to suppress and keep down rising evils, is the special mark and method of the present time. If a wrong appear people at once say there ought to be a law against it. It is not right that a man should force his help to work so many hours a day; let us make a law against it. It is not right that men who make and sell sugar, or ice, or copper should combine and make the price higher; let us make a law against it. It is not right that Chinese, or Poles, or Bohemians should come here and take away our work; let us make a law against it. It is not right that there should be tramps; let us make a law against it.

And so there are laws against trusts and laws against farmers, laws to keep Chinese out and laws to keep hours of labor down. These are the dams. Yet the wrongs grow. Tramps by legislatures and tramps beg bread; the sum of foreign lands toll in our mines, and little children of our own soil fall fainting at the loom. Shall we put more planks on the dams? Or what shall we do?

Now there comes a band of earnest men and women who see plainly the evils of the times, and who would give up much to help their fellowmen. "Come, brothers," they say, "let us be brothers indeed. We will make a tremendous, sky-reaching, all-powerful law that all men are and shall be brothers; that no one shall have more of this world's goods than another; that each shall give his best work and his best endeavors for the common good of all. We will all work for the government, and the government will feed us all. We will have no more poverty and no more riches, but all shall work and eat at the nation's table, and none shall be put back in idleness or away in hunger."

This is the plan of the Nationalists. It is the loftiest structure of its kind that the mind of man ever sought to rear; for socialism thinks to outwit Mother Nature herself and to legislate the law of the survival of the fittest off the face of the earth. It is the modern tower of Babel. But it is not to be built of bricks, but of men; and the mortar of legislation never can make a man stay out. The law of evolution is superior to the laws of men. Before man was, it was. It will in ages to come raise him to heights that mind cannot now compass; and when he is finally no more, it will still endure none the less. And yet, like the Babel-builders of old, he thinks to overturn it.

No; the social wrongs of this age are

many and bitter, but the making of many little laws or of one great law against them is not the way to mend them. Man is bound to get his living with as little work as possible, or, as the wise men tell us, "a moving body seeks the line of the least resistance." This is a common-sense principle, and to try it with a law serves only to make it easier for some men to get a living, and harder for others. This same common-sense principle has made man think out machines to do his work; but, on the other hand, helped by unwise laws, it has made him greedy and selfish beyond belief. No man will work any more than he has to, and if the laws are so made that it is easier for him to live off the labor of others than to earn his own living, he is going to do it. Could it not be to blame—any one would be a Gouli if he had the right sort of brains.

All alive man asks is to have as good a chance as every other man. What he needs is not more law, but less. Clear away legalized wrongs and then let alone. For the path of progress has always been hewn by the sword of liberty, and with increasing freedom for the individual has come increasing civilization. Every great reform is but a liberty defined, a liberty crystallized. A century ago our fathers fought to win freedom for themselves; and we in this day have fought to win it for others. They abolished the legal right called slavery. We abolished the legal right called slavery.

No; the remedy now lies not in forbidding the wrongs but in abolishing some things that we have been calling rights. For all these evils are but the outgrowth of some greater evil. They are results; they are not causes. There is some one great thing wrong somewhere. And when the people find out what it is, too, will be abolished forever.

EDGAR YATES.

AGENTS WANTED.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE wishes an agent for every town to form a club to read the new story, "The Dent in the Panel," and to send in solutions of its mystery. Who committed the robbery? THE WEEKLY is a family household journal needed by every member of the family, and in addition to the feature of cash prizes for the solution of the mystery of the serial stories, has many other features peculiar to itself, to make it a welcome guest in every home.

It has the best department for boys and girls now published. It is edited by Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and appears every week.

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Austria is ready to participate in the World's Fair. It would seem that Austria knows its own mind better than the United States. We are more sure than there was to be a World's Fair yet.

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PETROLIA GONE IN SMOKE. Business Section Burned Out With Loss of Nearly \$100,000.

BUTLER, Penn., Dec. 22.—The business part of Petrolia, an oil town of about 700 inhabitants, was burned this morning, about 100 buildings being destroyed. Loss, \$95,000 to \$100,000; insurance light.

Secretary Windom announced his policy of gradual withdrawal of public funds on deposit with national banks, the total amount having been reduced to a little over \$28,000,000, and that then and there in the treasury has been reduced to \$27,000,000.

CAPTAIN COOKS.

Lynbeth A. Noble

Christmas Codfish Balls of the Chief

The favorite breakfast dish of the chief justice's family on a Christmas morning are codfish balls. They will be made in a way undreamed of. Mrs. Fuller learned the art when a bride, visiting the chief justice's Maine home. Two of his eldest sons taught her. She prefaces the recipe with an injunction that the codfish should be carefully picked.

Here it is:

Equal parts codfish and mashed potatoes, thoroughly mixed, makes with butter, chopped fine. Mould into balls, brown in the fat of salt pork and garnish with the crisp bits of fried pork.

Mrs. Supreme Justice Miller's Mince Pie.

Mrs. Justice Miller is one of the most famous cooks of Washington. One of her favorite dishes she makes with her own hands, and no French or native cook has ever been allowed to touch the Christmas mince pie, fruit cake or pudding in the Miller household. The mince pies are known everywhere, and lucky is the larger that will have one the night before Christmas. She learned how to make them in St. Louis years ago, and she especially demands of who follow her that they use raw, instead of cooked meats. Just there the Miller mince differs from that the world has known under the same name. The best of the recipe Mrs. Miller says she cannot give to the public. That is the art of testing, and she acknowledges that at the last she often adds a grain more cinnamon or lemon juice. Her recipe is as follows:

Two pounds raw beef, chopped fine.
Two pounds suet, chopped fine.
Four pounds good tart apples.
Two pounds of currants.
Two pounds raisins.
Two pounds citron.
One quart good New Orleans molasses.
Four ounces of salt.
One and one-half cups mixed spices, cinnamon, cloves and allspice, with proportion of nutmeg and white pepper.
Two nutmegs.
One-half cup lemon juice.
One quart brandy.

Maryland Egg Nogg—Mrs. Noble's Chicken Sauce and Like Dainties.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—The leading ladies of Washington have been called upon to furnish a special dinner for your readers. They have responded nobly, and from the wife of the President to the leading society cooks of the congressional circles, have with their own hands written out recipes for Christmas dishes which their own kitchens have proved good. The dishes they recommend are not expensive, and the dainties here described are all within the limit of a family having an income of \$1200 a year or less.

The Christmas dinner of the President and his cabinet will be like yours. They will have their turkey and their plum pudding, and at the White House the menu, which has been worked out by the wife of the President to the leading society cooks of the congressional circles, have with their own hands written out recipes for Christmas dishes which their own kitchens have proved good. The dishes they recommend are not expensive, and the dainties here described are all within the limit of a family having an income of \$1200 a year or less.

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